ON THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V.

AN ODE OF EMPIRE.

By Thaddeus A. Browne.

Summer with the sun conspiring spreads her tapestry of June,
Flora, all her glories flaunting, floors thy pathway flower strewn,
Hedge and field and rose crowned wayside blush in beauty all aflame,
While around thee radiant ranging, millions give thee, Sire, acclaim.

Strike oh Bard thy proudest Pean, singing with a soul on fire,
Paint oh Master of the canvas all that grandeur may inspire,
But thy soaring inspirations broken winged shall flutter down,
Swooning in the purpling glory lighting this an Empire's crown.

Proudly moves the purple Pageant over mighty London's pave,
Rank on rank of gorgeous color, stately moving wave on wave,
Rank on rank the massing millions roar a welcome that upsoars
Like the ocean billows breaking stormy round thy Island shores.

Festooned arches, brilliant bunting, scarlet seas white-capped with plumes,
Tossing, surging, rythmic swaying to melodious marching tunes,
King and prince and jewelled marquis, carmine robe and silken hose.
Sweeping stately, thousand bannered, on and on the Pageant goes.

Onward to the culmination of the long day's fevered strain,
To the happy culmination with its hope of joyful reign,
To the solemn coronation neath Westminster's wondrous pile,
Treasure house of Britain's glory, loveliest heirloom of her Isle.

Sepulchre sublime and mossy; Brooder old what dreams are thine,
Thou who blessed our monarch's forebears since the great Confessor's time,
Thou who holds the dust of princes in thy motherly embrace,
Who serene through years of tumult watched upgrow a mighty race.

From thy walls oh Temple olden, thou hast watched the long years through,
Seen the forest fastness broken, seen thy sons the seas subdue,
Seen the Saxon hosts embattled to the conquering Norman yield,
And the hunchback king remorseless die on Bosworth's bloody field.

Seen thy chivalry in squadrons fall in internecine strife,
And the regal Stuart yielding on the block a royal life,
Heard the conflict fierce of battle, heard the raging of old wars,
Seen the victor lift the vanquished and in peace forget their scars.

And by slow regeneration from the things that did degrade,
Rise upon a new foundation a fair nation nobly made,
In her hand the touch of freedom, in her soul the newer birth,
Bent upon the nobler mission, Peace, good will, to men of earth.

Thus to nationhood and greatness did Britannia proudly rise,
Upwards, onwards, ere extending unto wider, broader skies,
Penetrating lands of darkness, luminous around the world,
Mothering a hundred races, guarding neath her flag unfurled.

Steadfast in her mighty mission, seeking for the greater good,
Hampered often in her labor, often too misunderstood,
Giving of her wealth and wisdom, giving birth to nations new,
Giant sons who name her mother, mighty offspring to her true.

They who sentinel the vastness of an empire's broad domain,
Greater than the Macedonians, mightier than Rome or Spain,
Never empire such as Britain's, never one with fewer stains.
Far extended, many millioned, mantling mountains, seas and plains.

Sire, we thy sons salute thee from thy empire's utmost end
This galaxy, thy free nations to thee heartfelt greetings send,
May thy reign be long and fruitful neath the King of Kings above,
Olden empires bound by bondage, thine is bound by chains of love.

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Sovereign companion of the watery main,
Who chose the ocean as thy boyish bride,
Who know her passion in the hurricane,
And love her with a Briton's sea-born pride;
Far continents and empires hast thou trod
And saw thy standards in the sunlight stream,
In every land beneath the dome of God
Ere thought of Empire entered in thy dream.

Wise in the wisdom of the sea art thou
To ¬uage the compass and control the helm;
G give thee grace to guide an Empire now,
Prince called to kingship o'er a mighty realm;
For on the summit of eight hundred years
Amid the menace of these days we stand,
And crown thee King amid an Empire's cheers—
Lord of a Kingdom reaching land on land.

Upon this day uplifted crowned art thou,
Full orbed and sceptred in thy kingly state,
The diadem of Empire on thy brow,
Throned o'er a kingdom proud surpassing great
Thine is the Ring, the Sceptre and the Sword—
Symbols of power, thine, and thine alone;
And thine to keep the compact of the Lord—
To guide thy people and protect thy throne.

Lo 'tis the awful moment! On thy head
The ancient crown of Britain rests—'Tis done—
Above the tombs where sleep the kingly dead
That reared a Kingdom, and an Empire won.
Glory on glories round thee blaze, and deep
Within thy people's hearts thou art enthroned;
Unfearful of the whirlwinds fierce that sweep
Down alien monarchs, banished and disowned.

While splendor such as England seldom knew
Within a temple ancient and supreme
Marshalls her grandeur crimson gold and blue
In iridescent shading opaline
Glory on glories round thee blaze and sweet
Ambrosial incense rises to the skies
While prince and peer and people round thee meet.
Neath galleries begemmed with Beauty's eyes.

While rolls on high the organ's swelling notes,
Thrilling aloft in jubilees of sound;
While joyful from a thousand loyal throats—
"God Save the King"—in glad acclaims resound,
Triumphant blare the bugles on the breeze,
In crashing cannonades the guns reply—
"God Save the King"—It leaps a hundred seas,
And million voiced is echoed to the skies!

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